

GARRICK'S
LOOKING-GLASS:

OR, THE
ART OF RISING ON THE STAGE.

IN
THREE CANTOS.

[Price Half a Crown.]

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ART OF RISING ON THE STAGE.

IN

THREE ACTS.

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GARRICK'S
K ——— Off
LOOKING-GLASS:

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ART OF RISING ON THE STAGE.

A P O E M.

I N

THREE CANTOS.

DECORATED WITH DRAMATIC CHARACTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *****

— Poems read without a Name

We justly praise, or justly blame.

SWIFT.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. EVANS, *Paternoster Row*: by W. WILSON,

DUBLIN: and by W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

M, DCC, LXXVI.

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THE
ART OF RISING
ON THE
STAGE.

CANTO I.

TO grace the elbow-chair of age,
Roscius, the monarch of the stage;
(For Roscius was in years, well stricken,
Besides that he began to thicken)
Resolv'd to lay the sceptre down,
And make his exit from the town.
To this intent, he summon'd strait,
The lords and commons of his state,
A motley tribe as you should see;
A theatre's variety;
From Madam YATES, to COLUMBINE:
He summon'd them, exact at nine,

B

Exact

2 THE ART OF RISING

Exact at nine, the parties came,
Some known to famine, some to fame.
In the same room (for once) they met ;
The tragic ladies, took their seat :
The little folks, were on the scout
And fairly wish'd themselves without :
The gentlemen, stroll'd here and there
Till Roscius came, and took the chair :
Then stood, in attitude profound,
And thus address'd the circle round.

“ My subjects and my friends, adieu :
I now am come, to part with you.
Full forty years, in various places,
Have I, alas, been making faces :
During which time—as you can tell,
Much have I talk'd of heaven, and hell ;
Myself have stabb'd, through every part ;
And often given away my heart ;
Imaginary crimes committed,
Been hated, scorn'd, admir'd, and pitied :

My

My father strangled, kill'd my brother,
 And play'd the devil with my mother;
 To day a fool, to morrow wiser,
 A monarch, manager, and miser.
 Ten thousand times this hand, has press'd
 In mimic agony, my breast;
 I've died for love, and rose again,
 On purpose to repeat my pain.
 At once I've stabb'd both man and maid
 And, now and then, a tyrant play'd.
 Not Sir JOHN HILL, so much has wrote,
 As I have spoken through my throat;
 'Tis true indeed, we all rehearse
 Each year, a waggon load of verse;
 I, when the poet lost his gift,
 Have kindly given the man a lift,
 When poets, weighty matters cobble,
 And their gall'd jades begin to hobble,
 The player, doctors up their feet,
 And makes them seem, both sound and fleet;

This

4 THE ART OF RISING

This have I done—with your assistance,
Tho' sometimes, we scarce sav'd our distance:
Bards, now a days, would lose the race,
If players, did not mend their pace,
So apt their hackneys are to trip,
That did we not work spur, and whip,
Scarce is there one among them all,
But would, ere course the second, fall:
To tell you then my serious wish,
I'm tir'd of this poetic dish,
So mean to bid farewell to verse,
And live upon my prose, and purse:
I'm on the edges of threescore,
'Tis really time to give it o'er;
I need not counterfeit a wrinkle!
Behold—it strikes you in a twinkle!
The step of sixty, as I stir
You see: 'tis downright angular
I'm now unfit for rant and riot,
And so determine to be quiet;

No

ON THE STAGE

No more will I the PROTRUI play,
 But choose henceforth the private way;
 Nay, Mr. KING, you need not stare,
 I am in earnest now I swear;
 As player, manager, and poet,
 "I've done some service, and you know it;"
 I've had my struggles, like the moor,
 A time there was, when I was poor:
 Now farewell hair-breadth 'scapes, and savings,
 Hail—three times hail—my little savings:
 I never coveted such stuff,
 But will retire, with just enough
 To line the evening couch with down,
 And keep a cottage out of town,
 My homely Hampton hut, I mean,
 Altho' a plain, a pleasant scene;
 A palace ill befitteth age,
 Mine, is the season to be sage;
 And that's, another reason, why
 I lay this bustling business by:

C

Altho'

6 THE ART OF RISING

Altho' of actors, I am king
The hour, alas, is on the wing
When I, and real monarchs, must
Lay all our royalties in dust:
I now an *awful* part should act,
And fable, must give way to fact:
You see my purpose, and my plan;
No more the player, but the man.

THEN friends farewell, but ere I quit,
These well known scenes, of sense and wit;
These ever-honour'd, sacred boards,
Where such a levee grand, of lords,
Where kings and queens, so oft have stood,
And died—with little loss of blood;
Where conquerors of every clime,
Have, night by night, harangued in rhyme;
Where, by the aid of good blank verse,
Stout heroes, have improved their curse:
Where dukes, of every sort and size,
Have complimented ladies eyes;

Where

ON THE STAGE. 7

Where chiefs, have fought their country's cause,
 And statesmen made, and unmade laws ;
 Where countesses, have drain'd the bowl,
 Or stabb'd the form, to save the soul ;
 While virgins, rather than submit,
 Their pretty, panting hearts have hit ;
 Where all of us, have had our blows,
 Our sieges, battles, joys, and woes ;
 Ah friends—I cannot leave this place,
 Till I have given my last embrace ;
 My eyes will linger to this spot,
 Till you my last advice, have got.

FRIENDS, ours, is oft a dangerous trade,
 Take then a recipe I've made,
 I've tried its efficacy long,
 Mind and apply it to the tongue :
 The legs, and arms, must claim a part ;
 I've mixt it up, with wondrous art,
 'Twill move the soul, and mend each feature,
 I'm told, there's not the like in nature,
 And

8 THE ART OF RISING

And as a mark, 'twill bear the test,

Me, it hath made—*Probatum est*.

Take first a well-fiz'd **LOOKING-GLASS**,

“ And view your shadow as you pass: ”

Mark every motion of the eye,

And learn, at will, to laugh and cry,

Observe to step, and start, with grace,

And call up meaning, in the face :

Walk not too narrow, nor too wide,

'Tis like Sir Punch, to strut and stride :

As bad it is, to jerk, and run,

Pray *ladies*, copy **ABINGTON**.

Observe the breeding in her air,

There's nothing of the actress there :

Assume her fashion if you can ;

And catch the graces of her fan.

Learn in the mirror, how to stare,

To smile in joy, to droop in care :

With ease, to hector-it, or fin-it,

And be the **PROTEUS** of the minute :

From

From gloomy, shift to the serene,
 And learn to methodise your mien :
 In drawing off a glove, I'll tell,
 Whether a woman is bred well,
 In tying on a solitaire,
 Or in the tender of a chair,
 Or managing the limbs below,
 I know whate'er a man can do.
 I prithee never *pause* too long,
 A trick I got, when I was young,
 A trick, my enemies have told,
 But habits, seldom leave the old.
 The glass may teach, to bow and kneel,
 But *heaven* alone can make you *feel* :
 From that fair fount, the truth must flow,
 Yet, art can make a shift you know ;
 I've found it frequently supply,
 The want of sensibility.
 But then, 'twill take up all your leisure,
 Ere you can make such toil a pleasure ;

D

For

19 THE ART OF RISING

For where dame Nature is unkind,
 And scarcely half makes up the mind,
 While Fortune, like a scurvy jade,
 Tosses that mind, upon our trade,
 It follows, as a clear effect,
 That notwithstanding such neglect,
 If Nature will not do her part,
 The business must be done by *art*.
 In stage-affairs, as in a watch,
 There's many a wheel, and many a catch,
 In both the mechanism's fine,
 Your lookers-on, can ne'er divine,
 What a mere juggle 'tis to play;
 And yet this juggle *does*, I say.
 Who only views the watch's face,
 Conceive not what's within the case;
 Enough for them, if truth it tell,
 And bids SUB roast the mutton well,
 The fine machinery they miss;
 As 'tis in that, so 'tis in this.

ON THE STAGE 11

I would not have you then despair,
 Tho' Nature, should her blessings spare,
 Tho' some of you, should feel no more,
 Than DUNSTAN's giants o'er church door :
 Sheer art, may move a man about,
 And who's to find the secret out :
 Take heed, 'twill seem all skill and knowledge,
 Might pose the fellow of a college.
 Have you not seen, in LEAR, and FOOL,
 (Where players often rave by rule)
 The calling out—a mouse, a mouse,
 Has fairly *taken in*, the house.
 If well the changeling throws his hat,
 Make sure of your applause for that :
 One minute marks a start, at most,
 But, if on entrance of a ghost,
 You stamp but loud enough, and fix,
 Instead of one, you may take six :
 'Twere well indeed, if, when *it's* come,
 With dext'rous dash of hand, or thumb,

You

12 THE ART OF RISING

You caus'd the hair, to stand an end;
 As that would much the horror mend:
 When HAMLET's phantom you pursue,
 Gaze, as if every lamp burnt blue:
 But when its errand you would know,
 Take care, to stagger as you go:
 Then, as it waves you, not to vex it,
 Let the sword tremble in your exit:
 To make King RICHARD, there's a knack;
 Be perfect, in the leg, and back;
 The eyebrow, should be broad, and dark:
 And give to murder, every mark
 His fell plottings and designs,
 Should startle in the face's lines;
 Give him the dark assassin's airs
 And catch the audience unawares:
 Much, much, dear folks, depends on dress;
 The seemly ruff of royal Bess,
 The flourish, when she gives the blow,
 The royal train, and furbelow,

The

The thundering boast, of blustering **PICKERS**,
 The straw-made crown, of crazy **LEAR**,
OTHELLO's face, **OPHELIA**'s willow,
 And **DESDEMONA**'s strangling pillow:
 Your hose, ye fair, when boys you play,
 White chins, when age is in decay,
 Fat **FALSTAFF**'s shield, and mountain belly,
 Are half the battle, let me tell ye:
 If once the galleries give the hand,
 A fig, for those that understand,
 The men of taste, you know, are rare,
 The boxes, seldom heed the player:
 Mind not the critic's *biss* at flaws,
 'Tis buried in the fool's applause.
 Is genius wanting—trust to trick,
 'Twill prove the actor's walking-stick:
 There are, who use it every year:
 Tho' none of my good people here.
 But where true taste is given, escape,
 That which will make you play the ape:

14 THE ART OF RISING

Where there is genius—in such cases,
 The passions know their proper places;
 Just where they ought, behold them rise,
 Or flow in tears, or heave in sighs:
 They animate the brightest jest,
 And mighty nature stands confest:
 What therefore, I remark'd, at first,
 Was putting matters at the worst;
 As providence bestow'd the power,
 I ne'er could bear *finesse* an hour:
 My ARCHER, is your comic sample,
 And LBAR affords a grave example.
 Of other points, there are a few,
 That I will now reveal to you.
 And first, it would not be amiss,
 But here and there prevent a hiss,
 If some of you would condescend
 A certain *careless* air to mend;
 'Tis villainous to search the pit,
 To find where your admirers sit.

Nor

Nor is it right, to stare on *big*,
 Intrigueing with the gallery :
 Or to the boxes, give your eyes,
 While on the stage a lady fights :
 Believe me, there is much to *play*,
 Ev'n when you have no more to *say* :
 Some, at the close of every speech,
 Will, faucy, turn upon their breech ;
 Dear ladies, pray forgive the word,
 But, faith, the custom's more absurd ;
 Never conclude your business past,
 Till act the fifth, and line the last.
 Oft have I been, the friend in danger,
 When him I lov'd, stood, like a stranger ;
 And tho' next scene I was to die,
 By draught, or dart, or sympathy :
 (For broken hearts with *us*, are common
 I've often crack'd a cord for woman)
 The fellow, was so lost to feeling,
 I might as well have hugg'd the ceiling ;

One

16 THE ART OF KISSING

One of his *hands*, indeed, was near
To take my tributary tear;
While other members, making love
Were set, to trap the nymphs above
Sure gentlemen, you'll grant me this
A time to act, a time to kiss;
Refrain but till the curtain's down,
Then Ranger-it, thro' all the town.

BUT really there is no excuse,
Where kissing, is so much in use.
The modern stage, is no way slack,
In granting you an honest smack:
I cannot recollect the play,
Where poets do not shew the way;
There's scarce a scene of *tragic* bliss,
But they have introduc'd a kiss,
Or if a *comedy's* their *forte*,
There's always something of that sort.
The drama now, however chaste,
In tender matters, near the waist;

Tho'

Tho' they run round and round the riddle,
 Girding a zone about the middle :
 Yet all, who deal, in deaths and faintings,
 Our dapsters at *dramatic* paintings,
 However artfully, each draws
 O'er sacred parts the virtuous *gauze* :
 There's none so churlish, to dispute,
 The players right to a salute :
 In times of WYCHERLY indeed,
 A Man, might modestly proceed,
 Might leave the lips, and—in a pet
 Said Y——G——“ Pray fir, don't you forget ?
 I wish pure precepts, you'd convey,
 And treat us—in a decent way :
 When *ladies* in the room are sitting
 Say is it fitting Roscius ”—*Fitting !*
 As heaven shall judge me by its laws,
 I only fight the female cause,
 My argument will plainly prove,
 You have a right to claim our love :

18 THE ART OF RISING

Whatever characters you play,
Or great, or little, grave, or gay,
While your dear forms are on the stage
You every motion should engage;
And he, who turns away his head—
The prompter—ought to strike him dead:
There's not a man in the creation,
Has for THE SEX such veneration.

It now remains, ere I go hence,
To thank you, for your diligence.
Sickness, 'tis true, will oft disable:
Pretended sickness, is a fable;
The papers, have been full of *this*;
But I, blame nature for each miss;
At duty's call you *all* would come,
But—that you could not get from home:
Nay you'd have ventur'd in a chair,
Had you not fear'd—the evening air.
I know a lady's resolution,
But who can help her constitution.

And

And had you left your hoods and screens,
 You might have died behind the scenes.
 I credit not the idle tale
 "She is not sick, she does not ail,"
 I've seldom pry'd for your complaint,
 Convinc'd, you were above a feint,
 But *sure*, of your indisposition,
 Have often sent you a physician.

SOME may have had it much at heart,
 Because they did not like a *part*.
 Some fair ones, have been apt to quarrel
 And could not fancy their *apparel*:
 It seems I've too much trimm'd a train,
 When 'twould have prettier look'd, if plain:
 I have not always pleas'd my beaux
 In the division of the cloaths:
 I have giv'n gold, for silver lace,
 And sometimes suited ill, a face:
 Complexions differ, and stage dresses,
 Should always match the skin and tresses:
 But

20 THE ART OF RISING

But far from me the blame may pass,
 The fault was in—the LOOKING-GLASS:
 Ladies, indeed it told not truth,
 Each habit much improv'd your youth;
 And when you were displeas'd with *me*,
 'Twas I adorn'd—a deity.

PERHAPS, a word may be expected,
 Of Bards, who think themselves neglected.
 It is no easy task, to rule
 The scribbling tribe, and every fool,
 Who pelts a man with manuscripts,
 And crowds on him, mishapen slips;
 Things, half begot, and born in pain,
 The very Fœtus of the brain.
 Some of you know, my window-seat;
 The piles of paper, there you meet,
 Are but the bastards of the day,
 From trash, that spawn a mushroom play:
 Abortions, sprung from parents poor,
 That lie—like foundlings—at my door:

In

In charity, I take them up,
 Altho' not worth my caudle-cup :
 The fire, without dramatic sap,
 How can the son, be rear'd by pap ?
 Yet all, I keep a decent time,
 In ragged swatheing-cloaths of rhyme :
 Then, beg the fathers to attend
 And—take them to another friend.

I'm charg'd, with scorning babes of wit,
 A charge, for which I've answer fit.

EXTRACT a moral, from a tale :

A Grazier, once had steers for sale ;
 Horses just broke, and heifers grown,
 Pigs, calves, and other kine, his *own*.
 To market, as he went one day,
 A neighbour, stopp'd him on the way.
 DOBSON, said he, as you know well,
 Both how to buy, and how to sell,
 As I, must watch to-day, the house,
 (For mother midwife's with my spouse)

G

'Twill

22 THE ART OF RISING

'Twill be a kindness, Dob. if you,
 Will bargain for *my* oxen too :
 None better knows when beasts are fat,
 You are a judge—I must say that.
 The Grazier, from pure love to JOHN,
 Jog'd with the cattle, gently on.
 A mile beyond, one THOMAS STAVER,
 Beg'd, with a smile, an equal favour,
 Talk'd of a lameness in his legs
 And press'd upon him, all his eggs :
 It was not Dob's denying day,
 So, with his load, he trudg'd away.
 But just as if 'twas ne'er to end,
 Hard by, he saw a *female* friend :
 She too, had met a bad disaster,
 For which repose would prove a plaister :
 How much, she said, would he oblige,
 If he would take, her Friday's cheese ?
 The Grazier, though almost weigh'd down
 Agreed, and toiling, went to town.

'Twas

'Twas sultry noon when he got there
 And now, came on, our Grazier's care.
 Off went his horses, to his mind,
 His heifers, did not stay behind :
 His lambkins, bore a market price,
 His hogs, found buyers, in a trice.
 The market then was at a stand ;
 His neighbours' goods, remain in hand,
 He scarcely sold an egg an hour,
 And night, at last began, to lower :
 Longer to stay, would be in vain,
 And so he drove *them* back again.
 The man with the rheumatic legs,
 Who was the owner of the eggs,
 The swain, who sent the oxen too,
 Now on our luckless Grazier flew ;
 They tore his coat, they bruis'd his eye—
 He was at last, compell'd to fly.
 Yet, how was the poor man to blame,
 He would have sold, if buyers came :

He

24 THE ART OF RISING

He could not *force* the beef, and cheefe,
 The Town was *full* of purchases;
 The moral, is worth every other,
 Serve first *yourself*, and then a brother;
 To serve a brother *first*, is right,
 Provided *self* gets double by't:
 But mind that you get *pleasure* too,
 That sanctifies whate'er you do:
 'Tis past dispute, and stands reveal'd
 By men of note—see, CHESTERFIELD;
 Authority we have no better,
 It is the sense of every Letter.
 For *that* it was, I sav'd my gold,
 For *that* I bought, for *that* I sold.

My friends, I have no more to say,
 I wish you long to live, and play:
 And, when, like me, you've sav'd a pittance,
 Make your last bows, and cry, *acquittance*."

THE GREEN-ROOM, echoed approbation,
 And thus broke up the CONVOCATION.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

WHEN mighty resignations come,
 They're sounded loud, by beat of drum,
 I speak, by *trope*—conceive me right,
 Not drums, made use of in the fight,
 But those more general alarms,
 That summon kingdoms up to arms;
 Again, I strike on *metaphor*,
 These things in rhiming will occur;
 Sure, as guns pop, by pulling trigger,
 Pen but a verse, off goes a figure,
 Altho' our greatest merits, lie,
 Far from such quaint embroidery,
 True 'tis, that young poetic sinners,
 Who at the trade, are but beginners,

26 THE ART OF RISING

Find it extremely hard, to rein
 Th' ideas of the buxom brain :
 When spirits boil, and fancy rages,
 Then glare and gew-gaw gild the pages :
 IMAGINATION'S in her prime,
 Who loves to sing, in summer-time ;
 And hence, the stripling poet, goes
 To compliment the blooming rose,
 Pours forth his genius in *love*,
 Bedecks the garden, grôt, and grove,
 Scorns to see things, like other men,
 But, with a sort of chymic pen,
 Hies to the shepherd's fleecy fold,
 And turns the greasy wool, to gold :
 Hath civil sayings, for each flower,
 First *makes*, and then *describes* a bower.
 Meet such a bardling in your walk,
 Perchance you find him, deep in talk :
 Or 'neath the branches, with a book ;
 Or listening to a lazy brook ;

For

For what you readers call, a bird,
 Writers, have quite another word;
 A *plumy songster*, *feather'd friend*,
 If proper name, an *a* at end,
 Not bullfinch, goldfinch, thrush, or chaf,
 A sweeter, softer sound by half,
 'Tis *Philamela*, tells the tale,
 And not the vulgar *nightingale*;
 'Tis not the *linnet* gives its note,
 But *Lillinetta* pours her throat;
 What dull folks call the beetle's flight,
 Is but the *messenger of night*;
 And when the day is gone to bed,
 On *Thetis'* lap he lays his head;
 The poet's eye can see him swim,
 And tinge with gold the ocean's brim:
 Then, that which mortals call the dawn,
 Is open'd, by the *ruddy morn*;
 And certain streaks of rising red
 Mark where that lady's fingers spread,
 Lambs,

28 THE ART OF RISING

Lambs, are the types of innocence;
 Lilies, and snow, dispute that space;
 Nay every leaf, on every tree,
 Affords the bard, a simile:
 And every tender bud, that blows,
 An epithet, or thought bestows.

Now, some may think—Jove help their heads!
 It is mere dust a mortal treads,

I cannot pity such, enough,

We authors, know 'tis no such stuff

The velvet carpet, nature gives,

She offers it, and man receives;

Wish you to change the phrase again,

'Tis the green mantle of the plain

'Tis heaven's own livery, silken sod,

And, by no means a kneaded clod:

'Tis tissue, wove by hands divine,

'Tis all that's fair, and all that's fine.

BUT to proceed—henceforth the muse,
 At most, shall modest edging choose:

With

With her, the fairy days are o'er;
 Content with sense, she dares not soar:
 Leave we such freaks to youngsters green,
 They're but the sportings of eighteen;
 The muse, alas, who scribbles this,
 Is now no more a flaunty miss;
 The fever of her fancy cool,
 She rhimes, and reasons, all, by rule.

THE morning registers of fame,
 Soon set the city in a flame:
 A favourite player to retire,
 Is worse than the alarm of fire:
 The *ignis fatuus* of the stage,
 Runs ripe, and rapid, through the age:
 And though two mighty nations wait,
 Upon the councils of the state;
 Yet like true patriots at the heart,
 We look when Roscius plays a part:
 Whate'er's theatrical devour,
 And give to him, th' important hour.

30 THE ART OF RISING

The papers told, that he resign'd;
 At this you guess the public mind:
 Hang all the folks across the main,
 So Roscius, would but act again.
 Next day, the matter was averr'd;
 Certain, the patent, was transferr'd;
 Song, sonnet, ditty, fought the press,
 And half, the town, was in distress.
 The matter, scarce abroad had flown,
 Ere it arriv'd at Helicon;
 Swift to the muses' laurell'd court,
 A poet, went, to make report;
 For poets, be it noted, go,
 On such affairs, incognito:
 And tho' to sceptics, it seem odd,
 In point of speed, shall match a god:
 They stride not, ordinary horse,
 But PEGASUS, performs the course:
 A beast, that traverses the air;
 More fleet than your arabian mare.

Thus,

Thus, poets get to Hypocrene,
 Ere Sunday cits, to TURNHAM GREEN.
 PHOEBUS, allows the miracle,
 And so, they ride invifible.
 Hence 'tis, the ponies of PARNASS,
 All other quadrupedes furpafs;
 The reason's evident, the mead
 Is consecrated, where they feed:
 The beft historians alledge,
 There's fomething holy, in each hedge:
 That facred herbage blooms around,
 And not a thiftle in the ground:
 A nettle, here and there, you find,
 For fteeds that are to wit inclin'd:
 Even then, there's honey round the ftng,
 But for a weed—there's no fuch thing.
 In vain you look for winter here,
 'Tis June, rich June, throughout the year:
 Hence 'tis, that all the courfers' nofes,
 Are perfum'd with parnaſſian poſies;

For,

32. THE ART OF RISING

For, as the creatures stoop to graze,
 They bite—and fill the mouth with bays :
 The fillies, chiefly choose to eat
 The primrose, pagle, violet,
 Because this sort of food, it seems,
 Inspires your pretty past'ral themes :
 On jemmy, gentle feet they run,
 And frisk, and frolic in the sun :
 In short, the fields, are here so fine,
 They prove that every blade's divine,
 Such too, is their peculiar force,
 A bard they make, of ass, or horse :
 Certain, as wings grace Hermes' cap,
 Whatever eats, and takes a nap,
 Right good sufficient poets wake ;
 The better, if their thirst they slake
 At CABALLINE, the horses fountain ;
 Which lies on t'other side the mountain ;
 Some fearful fools, too tame to blunder,
 Have set these matters, far asunder,

The

The river in Beotia placing,
 And Phocis call the spot they graze in,
 But poetical, mule or man,
 Despises critic's rigid plan;
 And skip through kingdoms in a minute,
 Think of a place—whew—pass—they're in it:
 Your bards dramatically shall run
 And win the sweepstakes, from the sun;
 In waving of a goose's feather,
 Shall draw the distant poles together;
 On wings, scarce fledg'd, with ease can fly
 From CATHARINE street, to CASTALY:
 Then dig the spur, and loose the reins;
 Dine in the Strand, and sup in Spain.

THESE points premis'd, we will not fail,
 To see who went to tell the tale,
 Trust me, there was no less than seven,
 Now made a vig'rous push for heaven:
 DAN ROSCIUS rang'd them in a row;
 And every one desired to go:

K

Their

34 THE ART OF RISING

Their courfers you'll suppose were there,
 Pawing, to gallop through the air:
 Reader you'll note, that heaven's a phrase,
 We, authors, use in different ways,
 The skies above, day constant claim,
 And HALLOW enjoy the name:
 Nay what will startle most, I know,
 We give it, to the shades below:
 In short firs, every place of rest,
 Is heaven, because it suits us best;
 So, whatsoever's bad or bitter,
 Is hell, to make the sense completer,
 This licence, chiefly marks our charter,
 So wonder not, at what comes after:
 In verse like this, the bard's allow'd
 A privilege, deny'd the crowd;
 A letter, we ne'er mind a pin,
 But cast it out, or keep it in:
 Odd syllables, we cut, and clip,
 And half a word, with ease o'erflip;

Their

K

So,

So, that at top we put our dashes,
The critic heeds not, such small trifles;
This right, prince BURTON did ordain,
And SWIFT, confirm'd the act again;
DAN PRIOR, sign'd it with his hand;
A law poetic, through the land;
Since these so often par'd the line,
There's none will cavil sure, at mine!
Say, I clip oft'ner, I'm the less;
But to return—I shall digress.

THE bard, who saddled first his steed,
Was of a mixt, and mongrel breed:
His PEGASUS, scarce known to fame,
Tho' young, and mettlesome, was lame;
One that ne'er won a noble bet,
But threw the heel at all he met;
In going a dog-trot he stumbled,
Yet snorting, restive, and ne'er humbled;
You'd think its master, was a bruiser,
I lack a rhyme—Proceed—'twill do for—
Yet

36 THE ART OF RISING

Yet was it plump, as pad of parson:
 The beast might serve to bring a *farce*:
 Indeed he has been known to pray,
 And written almost half a play:
 Nay to do justice to the steed,
 'Tis certain he the news could read;
 There are who say—you need not laugh,
 He actually could *paragraph*,
 The column ken'd with critic eyes,
 And wrote both question, and replies;
 Howe'er this be, he did not fail
 To be a *candidate*, for the mail.

To search too nicely for the reason,
 Would at this time be out of season:
 But Roscius, thought not fit to send
 This courier, tho' esteem'd a friend:
 Rumour declar'd—but she's a hag,
 That Roscius had long fed his nag:
 And some were bold enough to swear,
 This courier's beast engag'd his care,
 While

While blooded horses left to play,
 Could scarce get either corn or hay;
 That many a prancer, stout and able,
 Was left to swell at leg in stable;
 While this queer creature was rubb'd down,
 And made a sight of, for the town;
 But not to tire you with suggestion,
 I haste to things beyond a question:
 Altho' by taking off, a cup
 Of that same water, poets sup,
 And dining well, on heavenly fallads,
 Might mend our author's knack at ballads;
 'Tis clear, Sir Roscius did not choose
 To dub *him* postman to the Muse.

THE second was a hard obscure,
 That wanted much, a *finer*,
 The master of a gallows,
 Exceeding apt to *run away*,
 That lately threw a lady down,
 Then scamper'd with her thro' the town.

38 THE ART OF RISING

Quoth Roscius, "It can't be, my friend, I will
 I might as well as Andrew send,
 How am I sure you get there, a yam and
 You will not settle in the air; How on feet as
 The Tit by your ride's a lovely Brown,
 But who's to bring the message down?
 The four next candidates, were such,
 As prov'd a little, was too much,
 Your men of FARCE and INTERLUDE;
 Who tease the town with trifles crude;
 Who give their tiny pop-guns play,
 To pelt the folly of the day:
 Whom Roscius artfully employs,
 To keep the galleries—from noise.
 When tragic heroines, in disguise,
 Are now no more to cheat the eyes:
 When she, who lately seem'd a brother,
 In scene the next, turns out a mother;
 When passions are no more at strife,
 And the poor man may win his wife
 Till

Till she puts on her woman weeds,
 'Tis certain that a *pause* succeeds,
 And, as it takes both time and pain
 To make a boy, a girl again;
 'Tis decent, that we use *finesse*,
 That each fair lady, may undress;
 Hence Roscius, being politic,
 Engages those same sons of trick;
 A tribe of low dramatic hacks,
 To fill the space, between the acts,
 Their sense and taste, were nearly even,
 But all unfit, alas, for heaven.

ON these accounts, he call'd a cronny,
 Who kept a very pretty poney:
 A thing of fashion, brisk, and neat,
 And swift of foot, altho' *petite*:
 Well he maintain'd a poet's cause,
 A stickler stout, for critic laws:
 The steed, was little, but not lazy,
 The rider, dapper as a daisy.

With

THE ART OF RIDING

With fairy steps together, they,
Had tripp'd to Paris for a play;
Thither, each year, the pair would prance,
To catch the comedy of France;
Him, Roscius, deem'd a proper bard,
To carry off the message-card;
"Then mount, dear Groom, said he, your steed
And pray return to me with speed."

ALTHO' our poet did not race,
He deftly, went a decent pace:
And those who take long journeys, know
Your *even* riders, fastest go:
Thus, tho' he did not stretch and tear;
He canter'd regularly there.
For, though a dramatist, and fleet,
His PEGASUS, obey'd the bit.
Some bards, full cautious and exact,
Are sway'd, by ARISTOTLE's act,
Which doth provide, in certain cases,
Strict edicts, upon *sims*, and *places*:
To

ON THE STAGE 41

To break through which, without just reason,
Is call'd a *literary treason*:
Would you, with these same laws comply?
Then—reverence probability,
Aw'd, therefore, by the sage's plan,
Steadily went, our little man:
Arriv'd, he hail'd the sacred spring,
Dismounted, and address'd the ring:
For as it chanc'd, the ladies nine,
Were, after dinner, quaffing wine:
A basket of ambrosia by,
Remain'd, to tempt a stranger's eye;
Yet, ere he laid a finger on,
He told them, what he came upon.

“ YE ever-honour'd, **THREE TIMES THREE**,
I COLEY GEORGE, now visit ye,
The messenger, alas, of news,
That needs must shock each gentle muse:
The facts, connected with the matter,
Will turn your nectar, all to water;

M

And

46 THE ART OF RISING

And your divine poetic lake,
An ordinary puddle make.
Roscius, old Drury's mighty king,
(With pain, ye maids, I tell the thing.)
Roscius, resolv'd to leave the town,
Prepares to quit the scenic crown :
Even now he flies, he's gone this hour,
Unless you interpose your power.—
“ And who the diadem shall wear ? ”
Cried the sad muses, with a stare ;
All rose confus'd, some swore 'twas fable ;
Some, spilt the nectar on the table :
Queen TRAGEDY, was in despair,
The COMIC LADY tore her hair :
It chanc'd, the GRACES were their guests,
And they began to thump their breasts :
And though, perhaps, 'twas only art,
Each fair one, acted well her part ;
They topt it fir, as they had been
Six summers, training for the scene :

I'm

I'm led to judge it a deceit,
 (At best a modish counterfeit)
 Because tho' some amongst them had
 Sufficient reason to run mad;
 The poor THALIA, well might cry,
 And her sad sister, sob and sigh:
 Yet really all *the rest* might spare,
 Their woful looks, and fullen air.
 For those to whimper—'twas a whim,
 He scarce knew them, they scarce knew him:
 And wherefore could the charming GRACES,
 Distort, and spoil their lovely faces?
 The thing, as it appears to me,
 Is, that they wept for *sympathy*:
 For, if you criticise, you shall
 Observe, that grief's electrical;
 When BELVIDERA, draws the tear,
 Behold—the handkerchiefs appear,
 At once, a thousand noses blow,
 Till the house echoes with the woe:

But

44 THE ART OF RISING

But mark—I don't conclude from hence,
All feel, the pathos of the sense :
Or all regard the stage, or player,
Ev'n though the lovely BARRY's there ;
For, those who *truly* are distressed,
Perhaps the nose shall blow, the least ;
Yet, when th' infection touches one,
From box to box you see it run :
But every heart is not alike,
And one woe, cannot all folks strike :
Where fathers feel *themselves* a LEAR,
No doubt the misery's sincere :
But she, who bride shall be to-morrow,
Has no soul then, I ween, for sorrow ;
And many a tittering fair, you find,
So little to distress inclin'd,
Ev'n SHAKESPEARE'S scenes could never melt,
Yet still, you'd swear, they really felt :
When tender people round you cry ;
'Tis right to bear them company,

Before

Before the face, the fan to pull;
And vow, *'tis passing pitiful*:
The eye to rub, the head to lean,
And seem—quite soften'd by the scene.

THIS, clears the conduct of each MUSE,
Nor could the GRACES well refuse,
When MEL. and THA. heav'd sighs by dozens,
They claim'd the sympathy of cousins;
Their beauteous sisters too gave vent:
'Twas all, a decent compliment.

THE news, some thought, must be a fable,
Roscius, they said, though old was able;
The courier, must mistake the thing,
They'd send an herald to the king,
And have it well confirm'd, for sure,
The tidings must be premature.
The courier said, he told the truth,
Moreover, that a tuneful youth,
Who, by a certain spanish plot,
A wond'rous rich DUENNA got,

N

Who

46 THE ART OF RISING

Who for fix, sing-song months together,
 Had led the town, thro' wind and weather,
 His tweedle-dum—and dee, to hear,
 And took the nation by the ear ;—
 That *he*, the palace, now had bought,
 The trappings, trimmings, and what not :
 That *other* gentlefolks had part,
 And shar'd the instruments of art :
 The comic mask, and tragic train,
 The sun-shine, and the showers of rain ;
 The weeds the witches often danc'd in,
 With colour'd coat of HARLEQUIN.
 The sceptres, swords, and suits of mail,
 The palace flats, the park, the jail ;
 The dragons, bears, and dromedaries,
 And all the pantomime vagaries :
 The truncheon, targe, and trumpet loud,
 The paste-board crown, and canvass cloud :
 The thunder-spouts, and thunder too,
 With robes, of tartar, turk, and jew :

The

The couches, coronets, and camps,
 The stars, the moons, and all the lamps:
 The heroes habits, whole, and torn,
 And ermine, walking dukes, have worn:
 The blazing petticoats, and fachs,
 Which often grac'd princesses backs:
 In short, the whole machinery,
 And all the trick of tragedy.

ENOUGH, enough, said POMMY, here,
 I see the horrid matter clear,
 It chiefly touches you and me.
 It does my dear MEEPOMENE,
 Exclaim'd poor THALY—let us fly
 Direct, to feather'd MERCURY!

THIS said, the sisters, instant went
 To MAIA, in the firmament:
 Their golden pinions beat the wind.
 The little herald, stay'd behind;
 Long'd with the rest to hold converse,
 But thought it right to talk in verse.

He

48 THE ART OF RISING

He told the fate of ERICORNE,
 Yet did not give the nymphs the SHARREN;
 A CONNOISSEUR, the bard, they found,
 So, many a civil thing went round,
 And after much dramatic chat,
 They stuck a laurel in his hat:
 Then, as the nectar 'gan to rise
 (Which they get constant from the skies;
 For, from OLYMPUS, to PARNASS,
 It is, with them, an easy pass)
 Each lady, freely spoke her mind,
 And did—what by, and by, you'll find.

READER, 'twould sacriligious look,
 At the mere sag end of a book,
 These sacred matters to rehearse,
 Which figure, in our future verse:
 When great affairs approach, we pause,
 This is amongst your *epic* laws:
 Important points demand parade,
 And to grace these, we, CANTOS made.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CAN T O H

UPON a Card, as white as snow,
Fairer than message cards below;

Fairer than those, on which the belle,

Sends by her Hermes to PALL-MALL

The modish message of the day,

To make a party for the play,

Or fix the hour of dear quadrille,

That not a moment may stand still:

The MUSES sign'd a soft address,

Which COLEY, carried off express,

THE MUSES TO ROSCIUS.

WHILE MEL. and THA. are gone to heaven,

We, your admirers, sisters seven,

30 THE ART OF RISING

Send this, to beg you may not sell,
Till he who bids, can act as well;
But, *such* a bidder, when you find,
Pray let us hear, that you've resign'd:
Consent, we have a right to claim;
Obey, and trust to us your fame;
From each, a *compliment* receive,
And cherish, what the Muses give.
I CLIO, in the immortal page,
Will bid you live thro' every age
And I, CALLIOPE the fair,
Will make your *harmony* my care;
Your various powers of voice, record,
And tell the music of each word.
ERATO and TERPSICHORE,
Your *dancing*, and your *poetry*,
Ours it shall oft be, to rehearse
Your knack at epilogue, and verse:
PHOEBUS neglects the epigram,
And sounds the trump of *epic* fame;

The

The gentle fallies of a morning,
 His godship trusts, to our adorning,
 EUTERPE, though you seldom sing,
 Pays you the honours of a king:
 I, POLYHYMN, your memory love,
 URANIA, marks the whole, above,
 She, with a sunbeam, writes your name,
 And consecrates the word to fame:
 And we, the sister GRACES, vow,
 Not to forget, your air, and bow.
 Given at our court, PARNASSUS mountain,
 By us—Princesses of the fountain:
 By us, your friends, the MUSES seven,
 While THA. and MEL. are gone to heaven.

OUR poet now, his hobby strode,
 And briskly took the LONDON road:
 But, ere he came to DRURY-LANE,
 THALIA, press'd the OLYMPIAN plain.
 For, as no turnpikes tax the air,
 The sisters, presently were there:

When

52 THE ART OF RISING

When on the earth we go, 'tis gravel,
 But debonair, to heav'n, you travel ;
 The path is cut thro' æther clear,
 A mild and milky atmosphere :
 And, as you reach the realms of day,
 There's not a pebble in the way ;
 When once you get beyond the sun,
 So smooth, and rapidly you run,
 All is so gentle, fair, and even,
 You glide on feather-beds to heaven.
 Hence, VENUS, with a thousand LOVES,
 Yokes, but a *single pair* of doves,
 Which, manag'd, with a filken rein,
 Skim up and down the rich domain :
 CUPID, to fly beside her chooses ;
 A brace of peacocks, JUNO uses :
 And as 'tis all an easy flight,
 Their chariots, are exceeding light.

MERCURIUS, summon'd by the MUSE,
 Flew to ELISIUM with the news,

And

And lighting on the poet's walk,

The circle found, in various talk,

SHAKESPEARE, majestic in his mien,

Superior to the rest was seen,

"HYPERION'S curls, the front of JOVE,

An eye like MARS," the lip of LOVE,

Mark'd him, from all the lofty band :

A laurel wreath, was in his hand,

A wreath, by all the MUSES wove,

Where each, in rival emblems strove ;

A tribe of Grecians, view'd his grace,

With all the Romans, of the place ;

The fathers of th' ATHENIAN stage,

Poets sublime, of every age :

VIRGIL, stood gazing on his face,

"The characters of truth to trace ;"

Sagacious PLATO, with surprize,

Saw inspiration in his eyes ;

The piercing SOPHOCLES, was struck,

At rays of glory in his look ;

P

Ev'n

54 THE ART OF RISING

Ev'n ARISTOTLE, bent the knees,

And half forgot his *unities*;

HOMER himself, to fight restor'd,

Embrac'd him, as an equal lord;

APOLLO who that day was there,

Proclaim'd the bard his favourite care.

JOHNSON was near, in learned state,

Severe in look, in step sedate,

Much circumspection in his air,

With all an anxious scholar's care:

• The TUNEFUL TWINS together sat,

Like brother--bards, in friendly chat;

THOMSON, on beds of roses laid,

Was twisting chaplets in the shade;

His harp to heavenly subjects strung,

Bespoke the hand of solemn YOUNG;

The gentle OTWAY press'd the green,

Still sovereign of the tender scene,

An angel--audience, own'd his sway,

From polish'd ROWE, to pleasing GAY;

MILTON,

MILTON, whom all with reverence view,
 POSSEST the scenes, that once he DREW;
 Known by his gait, and sounding lyre,
 POOR LEE was there, with eye of fire,
 Hurrying he went, from grove, to grove,
 And ranted rage, or sung of love.

ANOTHER part, adorn'd with bowers,
 Contain'd THALIA's lively powers;
 HORACE, appear'd as king of wit,
 And SWIFT, maintain'd a regal feat:
 Of play-house bards, a numerous train,
 Were still disputing who should reign:
 The brilliant stroke, the satire smart,
 And keen retort, around they dart:
 Even here, they seem'd to hate a brother,
 And tore the laurel from each other.
 Old WYCHERLY assum'd the head,
 But matchless DRYDEN took the lead:
 Whene'er the mighty poet sung,
 The paradise responsive rung:

Ev'n

56 THE ART OF IRISING

Ev'n PHILLIP's godlike son, to hear,
Would lift'ning, lean upon his spear,
And sooth'd by sound, even yet, was vain,
Then sigh'd to have his rod again.

* CONGREVE thought it no disgrace,
But wore a smile upon his face,
And yet, I've heard, would now and then,
Say a soft thing, to Mrs. BEHN.
The bard could ne'er his *forte* forget,
But lov'd to joke about it, yet:
The courtly VANBRUGH too, was near,
And CIBBER, whispering in his ear;
With many a merry bard beside,
THALIA's honour, boast, and pride.

SIR MERCURY, now spoke aloud,
(But settled first his wings, and bow'd)
His message told, with godlike grace,
And beg'd their judgment on the case:
He added too, that Mrs. THA.
Had not once smil'd, since dawn of day,

That

* Who in his life-time, affected to despise a literary reputation.

That Madam MIA. was still in tears,
 And might be so, these twenty years,
 Unless their poetships, could rule
 Friend ROSCIUS, still to play the fool
 He thought that ROSCIUS should agree
 For sake of all stage poetry,
 To act one more theatric session—
 “HERMES you’re right—I say, *possession*;
 Cried SHAKESPEARE loud (and while he spoke,
 No other bard the accents broke)
 Is all to perish then of mine,
 Must SHAKESPEARE, be no more divine?
 Tho’ fame may *here*, her clarion blow,
 Pray who must manage it below?”
 He said;—ELYSIUM heard the sound,
 And all its tenants throng’d around:
 The story in a moment flew,
 Till every bard the matter knew,
 One told the tidings to another,
 Till SOL himself was in a pother.

58 THE ART OF RISING

ELYSIUM, reader, is a name,
 Not only, for *these* sons of fame,
 But, a *fine* place, by Jove ordain'd,
 For *all*, who've figur'd, fought, or reign'd :
 'Tis for the wise, the great, the fair,
 And every constant lover's there :
 It is, in short, for all the good,
 When they have done with flesh and blood ;
 And yet, the beauty, when a ghost,
 There, as on earth, remains a toast ;
 Th' Elyfians, to her charms pay court,
 And *amorous shadows*, round her sport :
 The human shape, we sure retain,
 Else, could sons know their fires again ?
 Now, strange as this may seem to you,
 ÆNEAS, found it vastly true,
 Who (as DAN VIRGIL's legends go)
 Once, took a pious trip below ;
 Walk'd round the charming garden twice,
 And own'd ANCHISES in a trice ;

Made

Made without toil, th' important tour,

And got to earth, within the hour.

THE characters that Roscius *play'd*,

Were now assembled—to a shade.

Poor BENEDICT, began to stare :

And tho' 'tis odd how he got there

MACBETH, protested he was *glad*,

ROSCIUS, *too oft* had made him mad,

His crimes so painted to the life,

As—PRITCHARD, us'd to paint his wife :

The pensive HAMLET, smote his breast,

And on poor YORRICK's shoulder press'd :

Even DRUGGER, seem'd to feel the blow,

Then took a quid, to ease his woe :

OTHELLO, little seem'd to care,

And JAFFIER, was not in despair :

Yet royal LEAR, sustain'd the stroke,

Tho', BARRY—at the *bottom* broke :

If all were well as 'tis *above*,

That form, that face, might well improve,

My

66 THE ART OF RISING

My scenes, said **LEONARD ALEXANDER**,
 That **BARRY** was a better *lander*
 Then might *the moon* still unrivall'd run,
 And claim alliance with the sun !
 • An hero of the moonish race,
 Had a *new* guest, in his embrace :
 Near whom, the stately **WOLSEY** stood,
 To give him welcome from the flood :
 Even † **CAIUS MARCIUS**, hail'd his friend,
 And **PIERRE**, was eager to attend ;
CATO, to grieve, saw little cause ;
SHERIDAN gives *his* senate laws ;
 But princely **JOHN**, declin'd the head,
 And wish'd, that **SHERIDAN** was dead,
 Then dropt a tear, and hid his face,
 As conscious still, of his disgrace ;
RANGER, with nectar almost mellow,
 Swore **ROSCIUS**, was a noble fellow,

Then

• **ZANOA.** † The late Mr. Mossop.

† A name, given to **CORROLIANUS**, whose character was finely represented
 by Mr. Mossop.

ON THE STAGE

Then turning to unfringed *Sky*,
Wish'd *Neb* and *Dew* both in heaven

The multitude how talk'd of *his*

The matter was so like to last *his*

So little hope remain'd of hearing *o*

Sir *HERMES*, spread his wings for *steering*

When *SHAKESPEARE*, thus prefer'd his prayer,

To him who darts his rays from far

"I see I feel the tempest brewing,

Dark o'er my stage, impends the ruin

Let me to earth, a ramble take,

And I will expedition make;

Thou bearer of the brilliant bow,

This favour, on thy bard bestow."

DEAR *SHAKESPEARE*, thy request is odd,

Replied the silver-shafted god,

And yet I know not to deny—

Then here, good friend, said *MERCURY*,

This winged cap, I'll lend to thee,

A flying foot, will do for me:

R

So

* Amongst the Parts of Mr. *SHUTE*.

62 THE ART OF FLYING

So short the way is, to the king,
One might go there with half a wing.

Consent thus gain'd, and full in feather,
The bard and HERMES, flew together.

As friendly towards earth, they went,
To see what these strange tidings meant,
They freely chatted on the road,
And SHAKESPEARE thus bespoke the god:

"HERMES, no toil that man engages;
Not making verses, to make pages;
Not all the logic of the laws;
Nor knot, that ties the gordian cause;
Not all the navigator's art;
Nor even the warrior's wily part;
Not methodistical devotion;
Nor secret of perpetual motion:
Not the dull road to classic knowledge;
Nor hum-drum labours of a college;
Not the fierce spirit of debate;
That works the whirligig of state:

Nor

Nor jarring jargon of physician;
 Not science of geometician;
 Not fluxions, fractions, or finance;
 Not both on heel and head to dance;
 Not Coptic, Algebra, or Esq;
 Not dignity, without a purse;
 Nor ought on earth such talents ask,
 Such powers, as the *theatric task*;
 At once, to move and mend the heart,
 A master of the Thespian art;
 For even I, with all my boast,
 Was deem'd unfit to make a ghost;
 Yet HERMES, I could scribble things,
 As easy, as you work your wings;
 Could very decent dukes create,
 And make a minister of state;
 Dubb one a *lord*, a second *fir*,
 And half compleat a character,
 Sooner than get that phantom's talk,
 Or e'en be perfect in my *ball*.

66 THE ART OF ACTING

It is not *acting*, to *stare*,
 Some hundred lines of *sonid verse*;
 It is not *comedy*, to *frisk*,
 To trip, to *titter*, and look *brisk*;
 The wood and wire, can dance and caper,
 A very mountebank, can vapour;
 It is not *tragedy*, to *roar*,
 And flounce the body on the floor;
 Then to spring upward with a bound,
 And cast the goggling eyeballs round;
 To writhe the joints, or shake the head,
 Then quiver, and burlesque the dead;
 It is not *tragedy*, to *pose*,
 Or, in a fume to jump about;
 To slap the forehead, thump the chest,
 And screw the face to seem distressed;
 Nor sweat an hour upon the stage,
 Or twich the mantle, in a rage;
 Hence I infer, my worthy friend,
 Nature peculiar gifts must lend;

And

And after all her favours, Care, and modesty
 And Industry, must make the player.
 Quoth MERCURY, "my noble partner,
 You're a great man, and often great;
 But now you miss the matter quite;
 Since you, dear WILL, began to write,
 Affairs have had a modern turn;
 Actors have little now to learn;
 The deuce a difficulty in it;
 The hocus-pocus of a minute;
 At least, the folks who teach to speak,
 Dispatch a dozen in a week;
 Roscius indeed, and three or four;
 (Haply thro' BRITAIN half a score)
 The subject, study as a science;
 The rest, to study his defence.
 He who is to the stage inclin'd,
 Tells to Sir Manager his mind;
 "To be, or not to be" rehearses;
 And tries his compass in the verses;

66 THE ART OF RISING

His bosom beats with tragic rage,
 And so he jumps upon the stage:
 A time he takes to con his part,
 (Since he must get the words by heart)
 His leisure at the glass employs,
 And scares the landlady with noise;
 Then, all in rubric capitals,
 He flames resplendent on the walls:
 At every corner of the street,
 The new young gentleman, you meet;
 And that he may the better bellow,
 Sometimes he chooses your OTHELLO;
 Changes his face to Moonish black,
 Or else, a bunch upon his back:
 He aims at grin, and glare, and posture,
 And takes a tug of Master GLOSTER:
 At length, upon a solemn night,
 The hero, is to fume, and fight;
 In Romish triumph, lo! he comes,
 And stalks, to the tattoo of drums;

He

He never play'd the king, before;
 And haply ne'er shall play it more;
 Observe him the succeeding even,
 With a vile livery on his sleeve;
 Sunk to the servant's lowest place,
 Yet mean enough to bear disgrace,
 But if his lungs the tale sustain,
 He plays the character again;
 The strange attraction casts around,
 And works his way by dint of sound;
 The papers circulate the puff,
He is a diamond in the rough;
 And by the force of mighty jaws,
 He storms awhile, and wins applause;
 Now with success quite feverish grown,
 He'll have a playhouse of his own;
 The manager and actor join,
 And then he fills the herb's line;
 Afar he travels, on the hoof;
 His theatre without a roof;

"The ship-boy on the siddy mast,
 My worthy Bully, set to sailing never yet
 Said MAIA's son—Philosophy, religion, law,
 Is a fine thing, when pleasant with;
 As to their goodness, I confess, and this I hold
 They are the types of holiness;
 Tho' I, sometimes, pass to and fro,
 I hear no trips, where'er I go;
 So much to deal in sentiment,
 Inspires, pure love, esteem, content;
 Tho' grocers will their figs neglect,
 Actors, will noble thoughts respect;
 And hence it is, the real player,
 Will live on virtue and the air:
 To no one ill is he inclin'd,
 Unspotted, both in form and mind.
 To do the *ladies* right, their dress,
 Even in a *morn*, is cleanliness,
 So spruce, you at a glance would swear,
 In every pin you saw the player:

T

With

70 THE ART OF RISING

With rumpled cap, and towed head,
They never breakfast on the bed,
But, as at night, they love parade,
At day, each man shall match a maid.
In short, the heroes of the scene,
Are full of haste, as they are clean.

HERE HERMES paus'd, and rubb'd his eye.
And why friend MERCURY, so fly,
Rejoin'd the poet—in these days,
Actors, I hear, get pence, and praise;
Fashion it seems, hath chang'd her plan,
TOWN-PLAYER, is a GENTLEMAN.
And surely men of art, and sense,
Have justly to the name pretence;
But, as I scent the city smoak,
Prithee good HERMES spare thy joke,
And, if thou lov'st me, quickly say,
Should Roscius go, who's left to play?
For, since I've been a ghost, my friend,
I little, to such points attend.

'Tis

'Tis long, *quoth I*, since I,
 To either house, have had a fly
 There's little call for you or me;
 The news you'll hear from *Penny*
 There's *SHERIDAN*, the old and young,
 One fam'd for *speech*, and one for *song*;
 But, ah dear *WILL*, a-lack a-day!
 'Tis all to sing, and nought to say!
 His airs full seventy nights have run,
 And yet the game is just begun:
 Why Sir, I'm told, this wicked elf,
 Has thrown your lordship, on the shelf:
 In vain you growl forth, lift, oh, lift,
 Your favorite phantom is not mist;
 And when the mob resign *their ghost*,
 Judge how much footing you have lost:
 Uncall'd, old *BARRY* limps about,
 Gets a long sabbath for his gout;
 And 'tis with much ado, I hear,
 His wife can draw, one tragic tear:

Methinks

72 THE ART OF FISHING, &c.

Methinks the age is *operosa* droup, and as T
 SWEET WILLY—you seem much surpris'd
 HERMES stopt short—the poet stow'd his sword
 And tore the bands his temples bound;
 The chaplet, thrice, indignant, shook;
 Toft it air, then angry spoke:
 “ Roscius resign'd! why had he stay'd,
 I would go forward, to upbraid—
 Oh had I known, what SHAKESPEARE wrote
 Would fly, before the fidler's note,
 By yonder—but I will not swear;
 Why didst thou lead me on thus far?
 HERMES your hand—dear friend adieu.”
 He turn'd about, and backward flew.

THE God of errands, left alone,
 Now bent his course towards HELICON.
 Told every MUSE th' appeal was vain,
 And in a huff, sought heaven again.

T H E E N D.